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Chapter 1 by Meme Lord

You watch the sunset through the goggles of your gas mask. Searching for supplies today proved unsuccessful, finding little more than dust. Funny... one hundred years ago you couldn't go 20 feet in New York without finding a restaurant and now you struggle to find even scraps of food. You begin to make your way back to your camp. the others are waiting for you. You and your dog, Grizzly, walk through the gates and into the settlement. the armed guards seem almost happy to see you... though no one has ever seen your face because you never remove your gas mask... come to think of it, what Do you look like?

Chapter 2 by -



There's no use in banging my head against the wall searching for an answer. We all look the same, we all wear a mask, but why? Thats the answer thousands search for the answer why the world became what it is today. There are many ideas surrounding this pressing question, though most of our civilization is uneducated so some of there theories are a bit absurd. For example theirs this absurd claim that one of the presidents dropped a bomb that poisoned the air but then again, who knows, maybe its true. im just happy that I managed to be one of the

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without a mask while everyone else wears one. I'm not sure if it's safe to do this, but I'm gonna do it anyway.

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some are even trampled over and left for dead, I see one kid ahead of me is knocked down and without thinking i grab him up and fallow the herd threw the large metal doors.

Chapter 3 by Meme Lord



The world is still rattling from the events of the nuclear winter. Nightfall starts at 4 o'clock and that's when "they" come out. That's why this child got trampled. They're the one thing we can't fight. Everyone is fearful of "them" to the point of a sheep-like mindset. Even guns are no use. Bullets only seem to tickle them. Even if the bullets did something they're too fast to hit. That's what caused this war. An extermination attempt taken as an act of war. They brought humanity to it's knees in a matter of days. And I hate them with all my heart...

Chapter 4 by RetroB3AST



My thoughts are drowned out by the noise as we all make our way inside the shelter. Everyone is packed in like cattle. The intercoms and televisions acquaint us with the usual announcements and news, trivial matters honestly. As the announcements go on, the doors to the shelter begin to close. The creaking of the doors is almost as loud as the people themselves, it's almost enough to drown out the intercoms. Despite that, everyone else's attention is still on the television. I look back at the doors to the shelter, and I see a young woman running towards the entrance, screaming, begging for the doors to stay open. Her shouts sounding closer and louder by the second. My heart jumps, I need to help her. I have to.

The town clock chimes. The doors are closed. I hear a faint, shrill scream that stops soon after it started. My head jerks back towards the TV. I hear no more shouting, no more screaming. Just the sounds of the crowd, the intercom and the beat of my heart. She didn't make it. I look around to see if anyone had noticed what had happened, but nobody looked back. Nobody noticed.

Chapter 5 by Meme Lord



Nobody ever notices. Everyone just minds their own business... This isn't a way to live. Even

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This is the world I know. It's a world where the weak are trampled over and the strong rule.

Closed doors call home but

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weak and vulnerable. We can't change the world but we can change the way we think about it. There

Chapter 6 by Trey



Despite the mistrust and callous attitude bred by this plague, I can't seem to get that woman's cry for help out of mind. I catch myself glancing towards the doors where I can just barely make out the shadow of her fist as it thumps against the grimy glass on the door. I know that she does not stand a chance out there without protection or shelter. Very few have missed the doors closing and lived to tell the tale. And those that have know better than to repeat the mistake. It takes no small amount of skill and an equal amount of luck to evade the. I know that after my night in the wild, I promised I would never be late again. So many things have disappeared since the breakdown of society, it seems that my inability to keep a promise to myself is just the next casualty in the long list. I know that I have to do something to help her. It goes against everything that society has become to risk anything to help another person, but perhaps my small act can start to change that. There has to be a way to escape the shelter.

I know the first level is buttoned up tight. Not even light can find a way to escape down here. That is the only thing that keeps us safe at night. My only chance is in the unused floors upstairs. I begin to work my way through the crowd. People hardly even notice me as I begin working my way through the crowd unless I block their view of the announcements droning on the television, then I earn a nasty look. I start climbing the stairs keeping my eyes open for anything I may be able to use to get out. But time is not on my side, in just a short while, the sun will set and the woman's life expectancy will be measured in minutes.

Chapter 7 by



As I climb the stairs, i hear the distant sounds from the television and the reactions from the crowd. Those reactions where not positive ones. The murmuring turned to talking which turned to yelling. The words where simple- find guns and ammo, and stay together. You most likely to die if you stray away from the pack. I knew this drill. All it meant is that this base could no longer sustain life, but there is a nearby one which can. The problem is is that its never happened during the night. We can't fight them, only run. And that is not a good solution either, the only way you can expect to survive out here is by not getting anywhere near to them. Well, I have to

The screaming of the death of him. See more of Story Wars

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As I open the door the screaming amplifies. I stare in horror as the people closest to me are ripped apart. Though the closest people to me are my drinking buddies and fellow junkers. I can't get too caught up in this. I have to keep moving. I run through the chaos and pick up what I can. I'm almost through the crowd. I'm gonna make it. At least, I thought I would. I ran into one of Them. Deep, sunken, coal black eyes pierced my soul. It bared its teeth at me. The teeth were small, but razor sharp. Like a piranha. Its skin was the color of the dust and sand around us. But it was rotted. Its limbs were long and boney. I could tell it was old straight off. I reached for my shotgun and it started to shake. That caught my attention. It let out an ear piercing wail and charged at me on all fours. I had to get my gun, fast. I grabbed my gun and was about to shoot but it lunged at me and I had to use my gun as a bar to keep its claws away from my face. I kicked it off of me and immediately aimed for its head. A single shot rang out. Its head was blown clean off. But it was still twitching. I was stunned at what had just happened. No one had ever killed one before. I guess the elderly ones can be killed easier or maybe if you apply enough force you can puncture the skin... Either way, this thing is dead and I'm still out in the open. I need to get to the other shelter...

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